SHERIFF OF TUCKAHOE

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GEORGE M. ROSENER

DICK & FITZGERALD
PUBLISHERS
18 Ann Street, New York

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THE SHERIFF OF TUCKAHOE

A Dramatie Sketch in One Act

GEORGE M. ROSENER

AUTHOR OF "COAST FOLKS," "SLEEPY HOLLOW," "AN IRISH EDEN,"
"THE FROZEN TRAIL," "RELATIONS," ETC., ETC.

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NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
18 ANN STREET

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THE SHERIFF OF TUCKAHOE.

CHARACTERS.

Brock Larabee	The Sheriff
Manse Parsons	
Mrs. Parsons	Their Mother
SLIM FLANDERS	.Their Friend

TIME.—Christmas Morning. Locality.—Sheriff's home at Tuckahoe, Cal.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION, about 1 hour.

SYNOPSIS.

Slim's coffee and corn-bread. The Round-Up. Road-Agents. Manse wounded, arrives home. Accused of being one of the road-agents. He denies it. Circumstantial evidence against him. Slim on the hunt. Manse safe so far. Bathing the wounded hand and tell-tale results. Manse discovered by Brock. His mother's pleading for his relief. Brock's danger. The incriminating watch. Brock's sacrifice, and how it was not required.

Music for rise of curtain "The Arkansas Traveler."

COSTUMES.

MRS. PARSONS. A woman of about sixty years, mild in manner, big-hearted and possessing great love for her wayward son. She wears a plain gingham wrapper and an apron.

All the male characters wear similar costumes. Large hats, coats, boots, flannel shirts, mufflers and gloves. They all carry a brace of revolvers. Slim carries in addition a Winchester.

Brock. A tall, awkward, though handsome man of about twenty-seven. Brave, big-hearted and possessing all the traits of his mother. He speaks with a good-natured Western drawl.

Manse. About twenty years of age, sallow complexion, nervous, and quick in his movements, and sullen in nature. He plainly shows that his life has been given for the most part to vice. He speaks with a marked nasal drawl.

SLIM. A typical frank Westerner, about fifty years; red-

headed and jovial. Carries a Winchester.

PROPERTIES.

Old-fashioned bureau, wash-stand with drawer, piece of linen in drawer, pitcher of water, wash-basin and towel on wash-stand. Kitchen table covered with white tablecloth, set for breakfast for two. Large plate of corn bread. Coffee-pot, water-kettle, frying-pan set on stove. Coffee in coffee-pot. Bible on mantel. Watch.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage, facing the audience, R. means right-hand; L. left-hand; D. F., door in the flat; D. R., right door; D. L., left door. C., center of the stage.

THE SHERIFF OF TUCKAHOE.

SCENE.-Interior of sheriff's home. Kitchen set. Door in flat. Doors R. and L. Wash-stand with basin, pitcher, towel, at back of stage. Stove and mantel L. Rocking chair L. Old-fashioned bureau R. Kitchen table set for breakfast, and two chairs C. Old Pictures about walls. Wind effect is heard off stage. Lights up at rise.

DISCOVERED Mrs. Parsons working about the breakfast table.

Mrs. Parsons (goes to d. R. and knocks). Brock! Brock! Do get up! It is most nine o'clock and breakfast has been waitin' on yer fer most fifteen minutes. It'll be colder than stone in fifteen minutes more. (SLIM knocks outside in p. F.) Come in.

ENTER SLIM FLANDERS, D. F., followed by a gust of wind.

SLIM. Mornin', Mrs. Parsons, and a Merry Christmas to

Mrs. P. Same to you, Slim, and many of them. What brings you up this way?

SLIM. Nothin' much; jest kinder thought I'd drop in and say "howdy."

Mrs. P. Sit, and make yerself ter hum. Have a cup o' coffee.

SLIM. Thanks, don't keer if ah do. Coffee'll strike me jest about right now. (Sits in rocking chair L., while Mrs. Parsons prepares a cup of coffee which she passes to him.) Mrs. P. Did you hang up your stocking last night?

SLIM. Not much! Any man who does a fool trick like that with the set of boys we have over at the Double X ranch will go about with one sock, unless he has several pairs laid by. But we sure are goin' ter have some dinner as soon as the boys get back from the round-up.

Mrs. P. Round-up? This time o' the year?

(He drinks some of the coffee) Do you mind of ah have another helpin' to the sugar? Ah have a powerful sweet tooth.

MRS. P. (passing the sugar). Here you be.

SLIM (puts more sugar in cup and drinks the balance of coffee) As I was sayin'. Do you mind lettin' me have jest a small piece o' that corn bread? I allers like ter have somethin' ter dip when ah'm drinkin' coffee.

Mrs. P. (passes the corn bread). O' course! Help your-

self.

Thanks. Powerful pretty cake ter look at, ain't it? Now in regard to that round-up I was speakin' about well, I swar! Will you kindly let me have a little more o' that very good coffee? Ah've clear gone and drunk what ah did have, without noticin' it.

Mrs. P. (pouring out more coffee). There's plenty here. SLIM. You know it's this way with me. Ah allers likes ter have coffee ter dip in when ah'm eatin' corn bread. (Dips corn bread in coffee and eats) Lor', but that sure does taste good!

Mrs. P. You was speakir' of a round-up, Slim. What

kind o' critters is rounded up this time of the year?

SLIM (between mouthfuls). Road-agents. Mrs. P. You don't mean hold-up men? SLIM. Yes ah do too.

MRS. P. Have they been operatin' near here?

SLIM. Yep.

MRS. P. Where, for goodness sake?

SLIM. At the Wells Fargo Express down in the gulch. They got about five thousand in cash; killed the agent, and clear got away.

MRS. P. When did all this happen?

SLIM. Last night some time. Nobody knows jest when.

Mrs. P. Then they got a good start, ain't they?

SLIM. Yes, but we are close to them now. The snow makes it easier fer us ter track 'em. Lor' I could track a flea on the snow in weather like this!

Mrs. P. I do hope there will be no more bloodshed. And I do sure feel sorry for those poor men being hunted as they

SLIM. Sorry? Sorry fer a band o' hold-up men as killed a express agent? By the eternal! And you the mother o' the sheriff!

MRS. P. Don't make no difference. You know I have

another boy somewhere in this world. He is Brock's half brother. He warn't allers a good boy, but he is ma son. And when I think that perhaps he is one of them men out there, ma heart comes mighty near breakin'. I couldn't stand it ter have him hunted like some common critter. I jest couldn't stand it. (She wipes a tear away with the corner of her apron.)

SLIM. Lor'! There ain't no fear o' that, ah reckon.

Mrs. P. I hope not. But there, I am a visitin' jest like there was nothin' else to do.

(Goes to D. R., knocks, and EXITS.)

SLIM (reaches over to table and takes two pieces of bread; one he puts in pocket, the other he dips in coffee and eats) That sure is good corn bread!

After business Mrs. Parsons ENTERS D. R.

Mrs. P. Why, Slim, he ain't there! SLIM. Who? Who ain't there?

Mrs. P. Brock, o' course.

SLIM. O' course not! He's out roundin' up cattle crittered road-agents. Ah met him at the Forks about two hours back.

Mrs. P. He never let me know a thing about his going.

I thought he was still abed.

SLIM. Now, that's jest like Brock, ain't it? He got word late last night most likely, and rather than worry you one night, he starts off without sayin' a word. Now don't you fret on his account. There ain't no bad men in these parts that's goin' ter get the drop on him.

MRS. P. It ain't just that. But you know this is frightful weather, and he's gone off without his red flannel under-

shirt.

SLIM (laughs heartily). Well, that's good! Ah'll have ter have another cup o' coffee on that.

(Mrs. Parsons is pouring him some coffee when a shot is heard off stage. They both start. SLIM sets his cup on table and goes up to D. F.)

SLIM. That's the signal. They're closin' in on 'em. If Brock comes this way, tell him I've gone ter cover the trail that leads into the high range timber. So long, and a Merry Christmas! TEXIT D. F.

Mrs. P. What if it should be Manse! One son seeking to protect the law, the other ever ready to break it. Perhaps I can find some consolation in the Book. (Takes Bible from mantel, sits in rocking-chair and reads. A shot is heard off stage, then comes the sound as if a heavy body fell against the door. Starts and listens) Who—Who is it? (There

is no answer. She speaks louder) Who is it?

Manse (off stage). It is me, mother. Open the door, for Heaven's sake be quick! (Mrs. Parsons goes to the door, raises the latch and opens it. Manse almost falls into the room; he slams the door after him and bolts it; his hand is spotted with blood.)

Mrs. P. Manse! You! What is it, boy? Speak!

Manse. Don't look at me like ah was a ghost.

Mrs. P. What is the matter?

Manse. They're after me, all of them, and that measly half-brother o' mine. But they won't get me, no, if ah have to shoot up the whole outfit.

Mrs. P. They say the Wells Fargo Agent was killed last

night.

MANSE. Well, what's that to me?

Mrs. P. I hope it ain't nothin' to you, Manse. Only they'll lay the killin' to you.

Manse. Well, they lie when they say it.

MRS. P. Then you didn't have no hand in the killin'?

Manse. Of course ah didn't.

Mrs. P. Then why don't you give yourself up and face it out?

Manse. Cause the evidence is too strong agin' me. And besides I'm wanted fer runnin' them hosses off old Broadside's place last spring.

Mrs. P. You did that, Manse? I can't believe it!

Manse. There you go! You're like all the rest. You're enough ter drive a man crooked with yer everlastin' preachin'.

Mrs. P. It ain't that, Manse, you're ma boy jest the same as Brock is and—

Manse. Brock, allers Brock! He's got it all! I ain't

nothin' but jest a hunted critter.

MRS. P. Don't say that, Manse, cause it hurts down deep ter have the boy I love say words that make his mother out a hard-hearted woman. You could be just as honest as Brock is and get along jest as easy if you only wanted to. MANSE. But ah don't want to! What? Me live here

Manse. But ah don't want to! What? Me live here tied down like a strayin' heffer? Ah guess not! Honesty? What does it get yer? Them that is honest is worse than

them that ain't. Look at yer son Brock; if he was ter come in now he'd take me dead or alive. He'd kill me, or see me hang, me, his own brother. Do you call that bein' honest?

Mrs. P. But Manse, you broke the law. Manse. Yes, and ah'll break it again. There ain't no one goin' ter tell me what ah should do.

Mrs. P. Manse, won't you fer my sake at least try to do

right?

Manse. Oh, ah can see through you. You want me to give maself up. You think you can get me to do it by kind talkin'. Well, ah won't, see! Before ah'm takin' by a lot o' home lovin' coyotes ah'll see 'em all damned fust.

Mrs. P. You think that of me, Manse, me, your own

mother?

Manse. Well yer said it, didn't yer?

Mrs. P. If you know how your words cut, Manse, hard as you are, I don't think you'd say 'em. (A knock heard on D. F.)

Manse (in intense whisper). There! You've kept me talkin' and they have rounded me up! This is all your fault. (The knock is repeated.)

Mrs. P. In a moment, I'm just fixin' the stove. (To

Manse, in a whisper) Go in my room, quick!

Manse (goes to D. L.). Remember, if they try to come inter this room, ah'll get some of 'em. [EXIT D. L.

(Mrs. Parsons goes to d. f., raises latch.)

ENTER SLIM, with drawn gun, and looks about.

SLIM. Everything all O. K.?

Mrs. P. Why of course! What made you think it wasn't?

SLIM. Nothin' much, only one o' them varmints jest crossed by Bison Hill and ah took a shot at him. Ah think ah winged him too. Don't see how ah could have missed him altogether. Ah thought he might have come here and was a disturbin' yer Christmas.

Mrs. P. Did you track him in the snow?

SLIM. That's jest it. His trail leads right up to your door, and then another trail leads off the other way, and fer the life o' me ah can't tell which is which.

Mrs. P. It ain't likely that any one could have come here without my knowin' it, cause I ain't left this room

since you went away.

SLIM. Don't know but what you're right thar. You'd better have one o' Brock's guns handy, cause there ain't no tellin' what them fellers is up ter. So long! [EXIT D. F.

Mrs. P. (locking door after him). All right, Manse, you

can come out.

ENTER MANSE D. L.

Manse. Who was it? MRS. P. Slim Flanders.

Manse. Huh, he couldn't go after a sheep and get it, much less a man.

MRS. P. Why, Manse, your hand is hurt! I never

noticed it before.

Manse. It ain't nothin'. Jest a scratch one o' them man hunters gave me.

MRS. P. (taking his hand tenderly). Let me fix it for

Manse (jerks it away). No, let it alone.

MRS. P. You had better bathe it, Manse. Here is some water and a towel. (She opens the drawer of the washstand and takes out a piece of cloth) And here is a

bandage.

Manse (takes off coat, rolls up sleeves and bathes his arm. He washes the blood which is very apparent on his arm into the basin) Lor'! How ah do wish it was summer or spring, then ah'd give that gang an argument they wouldn't forget in a hurry. (Bandages his arm.)

Mrs. P. Is—is the cut deep, Manse? Manse. No. Its just scratched a little. Mrs. P. Does it hurt very much?

Manse. No, ah told yer. Do you think ah'm a baby? Mrs. P. I wish you were a baby again, Manse.

Manse. Get me something to eat. Ah want to get out o' here.

Mrs. P. The coffee is on the table now.

Manse. Coffee! Bah! Ain't there a drop o' liquor in the house?

Mrs. P. No, Manse, there ain't. (There is a knock on D. F.)

Manse. Who is that?

Brock (outside). Mother, open the door! It's me, Brock.

Manse (drawing a gun). Let him come in. Ah'll settle with him now.

Mrs. P. Stop! Go into my room again; I'll send him

away soon.

[MANSE EXITS D. L. Mrs. Parsons throws coat in after him. Brock (outside). For the love of Moses, open this door! Ah'm froze about stiff. (Mrs. Parsons opens the door.)

ENTER BROCK D. F.

Hello, mother! Merry Christmas!

Mrs. P. This is a nice time fer you ter get home! Why didn't you tell me you were going out last night?

Brock. What fer? Ain't it bad enough that one of us

had ter get up?

MRS. P. Where have you been?
BROCK. Out roundin' up them road-agents. Got 'em all but one. Lor', Ma, give me something to eat. Ah'm durned near starved. (Sits at the table.)

Mrs. P. Brock, before you start to eat, will you run

down to the store for me?

Brock. Ah don't want to go now. Can't it wait?

Mrs. P. Do go, Brock, just to please me.

BROCK (rising). All right. What is it you want? (As he goes to door he notices the basin in which MANSE washed his arm. He looks at his mother who is busy about the stove. He speaks very slowly and deliberately; his whole manner is changed to one of seriousness) Mother, where is Manse?

MRS. P. (starts and looks toward D. L.). Manse?

Manse. Ah see he is in that room. (Draws his revolver and aims it at D. L.) Come out! Ah said come out! (Door opens slowly) Put your hands out first! (Manse puts his hands out) Now keep them away from your belt, or ah'll fire, ah mean it. Now come out.

ENTER MANSE D. L.

MANSE. Well?

Brock. Ah reckon ah've got yer.

Manse. Reckon yer have.

Brock. Ah was hopin' and prayin' that it might not be you.

Keep your prayers for them that needs them. MANSE. Ah don't.

Brock. Maybe yer right thar. O' course yer know I've got to take yer up?

Mrs. P. No, Brock, don't say that. Remember he's your

brother! Let him go this time, he'll never break the law

again. Brock, for my sake!

Brock. Don't ask me to do that, mother, cause ah don't want ter refuse you anything on earth, but now ah—

Manse. Let him take me up, mother. Didn't ah tell you

he'd see me hang?

MRS. P. Don't say that word, Manse, please don't say it. MANSE. Ah, stop yer durn cryin' (To Brock) Come on, let's get out of here.

Brock. Look here, Manse, you're ma prisoner, but if you speak again like that to mother, ah'll find a way ter break

your head.

Mrs. P. He don't realize what he is sayin', Brock. Won't

you please let him go?

BROCK. Good Lord, mother! You don't know what you are askin'. Can't yer see where ma duty lies? If ah could, and it would make you any happier, ah'd take his place willingly.

Manse. Talk's cheap.

BROCK. Yes, ah reckon. But there are some things on this earth that are a durned side cheaper than talk.

Manse. You mean me?

Brock. Ah mean any man that don't respect a woman. And when that woman is his own mother, then ah can't find words big enough ter say what ah think o' him. (Manse starts to reach for his gun) Stop that! Take your hands away from that gun! Now you jest remember what ah told yer, if you value your health.

Manse. Look here, you ain't told me what ah'm wanted

fer yet; that much is comin' to me.

Brock. You're wanted fer the killin' o' the express agent

at Cedar Gulch last night.

Manse. And anyone who says ah killed that agent lies. Brock. Look a here. (Brock comes down to R. of table, Manse is on L. Brock lays his gun down and reaches into his pocket. Manse grabs the gun and levels it at him.)

Manse. Don't move, or ah'll drop yer!

BROCK. You ain't got the sand. Well, why don't you shoot? (Manse's hand trembles, and he drops the gun on table) Hell! You're a coward!

Manse. Ah don't know why ah couldn't pull the trigger

on that gun, but ah just couldn't do it.

Brock. Ah'll tell you why. Cause you've got one murder on your hands now.

Manse. Ah tell you ah didn't do it.

Brock (takes watch out of pocket). Did you ever see that afore?

Manse. Ma watch!

Brock. Yes, it was found in the hands of the dead express agent. Looks like he tore it from you in the struggle.

MANSE. How do you know it is mine?

BROCK. Cause it is the same one that mother gave you when you was sixteen years old. It has her name on the inside.

Manse. Ah lent it to one o' the boys yesterday, he—Brock. Then you do admit that you was one o' the gang that held up the Wells Fargo?

MANSE. Yes, but ah didn't do no killin', ah tell yer, and them that says ah did is liars. (He reaches for his revolver.)

Brock. Easy thar, them guns seem to worry you. You'd better lay them on the table. Come on out with them. (Manse lays his revolvers on the table) Mother, ah want you to leave the room for a minute.

Mrs. P. Yes, Brock.

BROCK. And don't worry any more. You can come in again in a minute or two.

Mrs. P. (aside to Brock). Brock, for my sake.

[EXIT D. R.

BROCK. Manse, look here. Ah know that if ah take you up it will break mother's heart. You say that you had no hand in the killin' but you was one of the gang and that will go hard with you afore the boys. Jim Driscoll said when they found your watch that if ah got you, ah'd let you go again cause ah was your brother. Ah told him that he lied and ah gave the boys ma word that if ah did get you and you got away, ah would confess and serve out your time in jail. Now, thars your watch, thars your gun, and thars the door; outside is ma horse; now make the best of it!

MANSE (holds out hand). Brock! (Brock shakes his

head in the negative) You won't take ma hand?

BROCK. Yes, maybe some day when ah meet you again and you can look me in the eye and tell me you're on the square. Now go! (Manse goes to d. f., opens it cautiously and EXITS after first looking out to see that the road is clear.)

ENTER MRS. PARSONS D. R.

MRS. P. You let him go, Brock? (BROCK sits in chair

beside table) Yes, mother, ah let him go. (Mrs. Parsons kneels beside him) I knew you would, Brock, cause you are my boy, you are both my boys. (There is a knock on p. f.)

Mrs. P. (rising). I wonder who that can be!

Brock. It's the boys, mother. They have come for me. Mrs. P. I don't understand, Brock.

Mother, ah'm going away. All may be gone a Brock. long time.

Mrs. P. How long, Brock?

Brock. God knows! (Knock is repeated at door) Come in!

ENTER SLIM D. F.

SLIM. Howd'y, folks? Brock, ah come—

Brock. You've come fer me, ah know. Jest wait a minute, won't yer?

SLIM. You don't seem to get me, Brock. Us boys jest seen Manse a ridin' off on your horse, and-

Brock. Yes, ah know.

SLIM. Wait a minute will yer? One o' them road agents we got this mornin' confessed that he was the man that killed the express agent. So us boys figured that he must have stoled Manse's watch some time or other, and that Manse had nothin' ter do with the hold-up, seein' that you let him take your horse and seein' also that none of the gang we got would say a word about him. So now, seein' that ah said ma little piece, ah'll just beat it back to the ranch and partake o' that Christmas dinner. So long! [EXIT D. F.

Brock (crosses and sits in rocker). Mother, get me

slippers, will yer?

Mrs. P. Why Brock, I thought that you were going away.

Ah've changed ma mind.

Mrs. P. (crosses and kneels beside him). Then you are going to stay home with me all day?

Brock. All day. (SLIM puts his head in at D. F.)

SLIM. Oh, Brock! Brock. Hello?

SLIM. Ah forgot ter wish you a Merry Christmas.

Brock. Same to you and all the boys.

SLIM. Thanks. EXIT

One Act Farces

TANGLES. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, by C. Leona Dalrymple.

4 male, 2 female characters. 1 interior scene. Bill Tracy accepts Mrs. Janeway's invitation to dinner, intended for his cousin Phil. Tracy, who is Jack Janeway's chum. Elsie, her maid, advertised for a husband under the soubriquet of "Bright Eyes." Jenkins, Bill's valet, answers it as X. V. Z. The mistakes in identity get them into a tangle of surprises, finally unraveled by Jack, who arrives opportunely. The "situations" are tremendously funny and keep the audience in roars of laughter.

NIGHT IN TAPPAN, A. 15 cents. A farce comedy in 1 act and 1 scene, by O. B. Dubois. 2 male, 3 female characters. Modern costumes. Diningroom scene in suburban residence. Time, about 30 minutes. The action commences
at 10.45 P. M. on the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. John Betts, quite unexpectedly at the
home of Mr. Augustus Betts, while Mrs. Augustus is awaiting her husband's return
from the city. The complications caused by a saucy, blundering Irish servant, Mr.
Augustus being entirely ignorant of the new arrivals, are screamingly bewildering.

KISSING THE WRONG GIRL. 15 cents. A farcical sketch in ract, by W. C. PARKER. 1 male, 2 female characters. It is the case of a "cheeky" book-agent, two sisters who look much alike, all sorts of funny mistakes, and any number of ridiculous situations that will keep the audience in a continuous roar of laughter. The piece can be played either "straight" or with specialties. No scenery needed.

LITTLE RED MARE, The. 15 cents. A farce in r act, by O. E. Young. 3 male characters, r interior scene. Time, about 35 minutes. The little red mare and a very deaf farmer's red-headed daughter are both named Nellie. A dude is after the daughter, and a horse-dealer wants the mare. The farmer mistakes the one for the other, and the way he gets the two claimants muddled in his criss-cross description of the two Nellies keeps the audience in a roar from the word "go." By a startling incident the farmer is suddenly cured of his deafness, and what he hears aids in clearing up the muddle.

NEW REPORTER, The. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act and 1 interior scene, by Franklin Johnston. 6 male, 2 female characters. Time, 45 minutes. Hobbs, the proprietor of a newspaper, is expecting a new reporter whom he has engaged on trial. Nancy, Hobbs's daughter, persuades her lover, Jack, who is anknown to her father, to personify the new reporter, and gets to work. The blunders he makes, and the arrival of Tupper, the real reporter, results in a general flare up, until explanations are made, and Tupper is persuaded by Nancy to retire in favor of Jack.

BYRD AND HURD; or, A Fair Exchange. 15 cents. A farcical sketch in 1 act, by HAROLD SANDER. 6 male characters. 1 exterior and 1 interior scene. Time, about 40 minutes. For seven years a lawsuit has been pending between Byrd and Hurd for possession of a pond situated between their contiguous farms. They are both arrested in Boston. Byrd has a lunch served, but has no tobacco; Hurd has, and is hungry. After bitter altercations, Byrd divides his lunch; the lawsuit, to the disgust of Sty, the lawyer. The scenes are quite simple and the "situations" extremely comic.

FINNEGAN AND FLANAGAN. 15 cents. A farcical sketch in 1 act, by W. C. PARKER. 1 male, 1 female character. Time of playing 25 minutes. Finnegan has a smile as broad as the Lakes of Killarney, and Mrs. Flanagan has "the force as well as the fancy." His quiet utterances and her awkward mannerisms are droll in the extreme. The "business" is excruciatingly comic, and the lucky liquidation of an unpaid board bill concludes one of the funniest of Irish farces. Specialties can be introduced, or the piece may be played "straight." No scenery is required.

FUN IN A SCHOOL ROOM. 15 cents. A farcical sketch in x act and x interior scene, by HARRY E. SHELLAND. 4 male characters, a Dutch-dialect teacher, and 3 pupils consisting of a young Bowery tough, a Hebrew boy, and a rather good little boy. Time, about 40 minutes. The questions and answers given in their respective personalities are outrageously funny, including an entirely new version of the discovery of America. The sketch throughout is incredibly absurd.

Mock Trials, Initiations and Monologues

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RIDING THE GOAT. 15 cents. A burlesque initiation in a lodge of the "Sovereign Union of the Emancipated Husbands," by O. E. Young. 12 male characters, also the wives of all of them (performed by males), and 2 attendant imps; associate members and their wives, ad libitum. Time, 1½ hours. The cast includes a Dutchman, an Irishman, a Yankee and a Darkey. The proceedings are intensely funny with a roaring climax. Just the thing for a club where a large cast is desired.

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SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 21/2 hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	4	4
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LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

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EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes		8
115 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours	1	13
ents)		8

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